

### When Women Took Snuff.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE opened a snuff account at the Old Snuff House in Haymarket, in 1799, and continued without a break until 1818. Princess Charlotte (in 1809) and Princess Elizabeth (1812) were good customers.



# Magazine Page



### This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the death, in 1855, of Charlotte Brontë, the author of "Jane Eyre." This novel was one of the most widely read of the time, and won her a place among the notable writers of the period.

# THE WILD GOOSE BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

## A Dramatic Story of a Devoted Husband Who Discovers His Wife Is In Love With Another Man

This story has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions under the masterly direction of Albert Capellani and is released as a Paramount picture.

### The Story So Far

Frank Manners, an artist of reputation, is doing some work for a rich woman in California. He has always been devotedly attached to his wife Diana. He reads over her letters of the last few months and feels that she is neglecting their small daughter Tam. He decides to go East without letting Diana know beforehand. On the train he meets a hunter who tells him a tale of a wild goose. Manners spends a wakeful night reviewing his married life with Diana.

### By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "His Daughter," "When My Ship Comes In," "The Seven Darlings," and Other Notable Fiction.

HE would tell Tam that he had come home because he could not bear to stay away from her any longer.

With thoughts of the welcome that he would have from Tam came to him. He no longer tried to account for the intuition that was hurrying him home, and his sheets and blankets in a clindry snarl, he settled into the position in which sleep would presently find him, and a little later dreamed that he was an old gray goose who had lost his mate, and could not bear to live any longer, and that he was voyaging down from the skies

straight for the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun. . . .

### CHAPTER III.

Francis Manners kept out of the city as much as possible. And the small apartment which he rented in the 80's was usually spoken of as his wife's. It was almost entirely for her convenience that the small suite of small rooms had been rented at all, and in the choice of the wall papers, chintzes and furnishings his taste had not been consulted. Nor had Diana given free rein to her own. Her taste ran to extremely expensive simplicity.

And although the effect of the apartment was simple enough, it had been achieved at a very small expense. Only the linen and the toilet articles on Diana's dressing-table showed that she could be extravagant.

Francis Manners had driven directly from the Grand Central Station to his club, in Forty-third street. From there he had telephoned first to his home in Old Westbury.

Tam had reached an age when she delighted to answer the telephone, and when he heard her shrill voice saying: "What is it, papa?" he began to tremble all over.

"Who are you?" he asked in a disguised voice. He heard the receiver drop. He heard her crying: "It's Fannie! It's Fannie!"

Then he heard the cool and quiet voice of Diana's mother. There was laughter in it.

"Tam is so excited that she can't speak," she said. "But where are you?"



A scene from the forthcoming motion picture, "The Wild Goose." Frank Manners, arriving home unexpectedly, finds Ogden Fenn with Diana, his wife. Diana is surprised at her husband's return.

"In New York. Is Diana there?" Something told him that Diana was not there, nor she would now be audible in the family group at the other end of the telephone.

"Diana went to town yesterday. Have you telephoned the apartment?" "Thought I'd try home first. Did she intend to come out to the coun-

try this afternoon, or don't you know?" "She said she would try. But, of course, you'll find her and bring her out. You can't very well say what

train, can you? But what brings you back?" "One thing and another. Are you all well?" "Very. Tam especially."

## Paying the Penalty

WHAT THE ERRING WOMAN HAS TO FACE.

### By Beatrice Fairfax

Who Occupies a Unique Position in the Writing World as an Authority on the Problems of Girls.

WE sneer at bullfights. We hold up our hands in horror at the thought of the gladiatorial contests of early days. Yet we turn our thumbs down exactly as they used to do in the days of the gladiators. Only our "thumbs down" signal for more punishment is meted to those who have fallen in life's contest—and might get up again if only we'd let them.

There's something wrong with a civilization that wastes its citizens. There's something wrong with a scheme of justice that won't rest contented to let past blunders be wiped out and human beings start out with clean slates if they show a desire to start over again on a better basis.

Suppose a man has been a thief. If he comes out of jail with a desire to go straight, isn't he to be encouraged and permitted to "come back," or is he to be distrusted?

### PHILLIPS

Around the Corner From High Prices

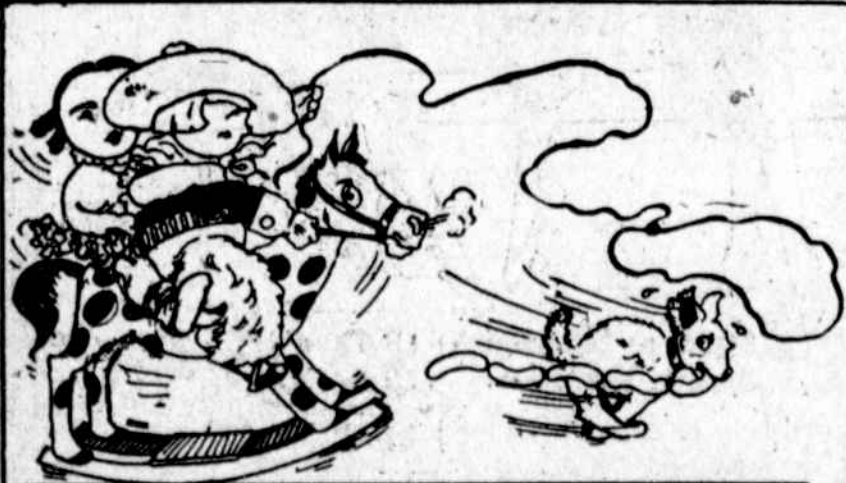
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## LOFFLER'S SAUSAGE

Ask Your Meat Man

## FOR LOVE

An Absorbing Romance

## BY RUBY M. AYRES

EVERY made every possible excuse for Philip—perhaps he felt shy with her . . . she laughed at her self for such a thought. How could a man be shy of the woman he loved?

She wondered if perhaps she had been too cold and stand-offish; the thought made her cheeks burn.

"I won't think about it any more," she made up her mind. "It will all come right if I am patient."

But she was thinking of it all the afternoon. She played badly, and her partner got irritable.

Eva apologized in confusion, but for almost the first time in her life she did not care if she played or not.

And then a kindly shower came down and soaked the courts, and made further play impossible.

Eva was thankful; she gave a little sigh of relief as she ran to the house with the others.

Philip took her racket; "I'm afraid we shan't be able to play any more today," she said.

She laughed. "I don't mind." He looked at her curiously. "Really? I thought you were never tired of tennis."

She colored a little. "I am to-day." She paused, then added, with a sudden desperate courage: "I would much rather talk to you."

She could not look at him as she spoke; she almost felt as if she had said something forward.

Philip did not answer for a moment, then he said, formally: "That is very kind of you."

The words sounded stilted, and Eva felt as if a rough hand had touched her heart.

"This was not the sort of lover she had pictured for herself; this reserved almost silent man, who was merely formally polite."

She sat very still, staring before her. Philip rose. He had been sitting on the arm of her chair.

"Will you have some more tea?" he asked.

"No, thank you." She tried to speak naturally, but her voice quivered.

He looked at her quickly and away again; her face was grim. Will you—oh, do have some more tea," he said with helpless impatience.

"No, thank you, really," she rose. "I think I must be getting back; I promised mother I would not be late, and the rain looks as if it means to last."

## THE WOMAN OBSERVER

LOGIC IS LOGIC.

Teacher is a fluffy, yellow-haired little person whose countenance spreads impartially over her entire head. Both dainty ears are securely protected by large and inconspicuously arranged "buns," which always recall to the Suburban Lady pictures in her old geography of the ladies of the Malay Peninsula, where most of the toilet consists of elaborate hair dressing.

On a recent morning the Suburban Lady invaded the school where her pet nephew is receiving his early education at the hands of the fluffy little teacher. Now Jimmie, the nephew, is a very kind little boy of serious mien, who is observant and longs to be helpful. Billy, his neighbor, essayed at teacher's behest to read, and his dictation proved unpleasing. Sharply Teacher rapped for attention. Severely she proclaimed her inability to hear Billy's words.

Then very gravely Jimmie rose, and to the consternation of Teacher and the amusement of various adult visitors, said pleasantly: "Teacher I think you could hear Billy if you'd take your hair off your ears!"

## IN PLAIN ENGLISH

The strain from your over-burdened nerves is dissipated by the use of the Loffler's Sausage. The tired muscles are relieved by causing unused muscles to assist them—this is the simple story of my treatments.

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## When a Girl Marries

AN ABSORBING SERIAL OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE.

By Ann Lisle

Whose Present Serial Has Won a Nation-Wide Success.

"I MUST see my brother Neal. I must see Neal."

Opening my eyes, I found a white-capped nurse bending over me anxiously.

"Mustn't talk, dear," she murmured soothingly. "It hurts the poor throat."

I shut my eyes and submitted. "What day is this?"

"Thursday. Hush, dear!" admonished the nurse.

"I must see Neal," I whispered again.

"Yes, dear, tomorrow," replied the nurse.

I lay quiet for a while. Presently I began to realize how terribly my spine ached. Then I found myself thinking, piecing things together.

Then a new picture jumped out of my memory like a jack-in-the-box. Again I remembered the slanting lips of the skulking man I'd frightened from his post under the windows here at Dreamworld.

Dick West. I was sure it was Dick West. Miss Storrs must be warned. I'd have to see Neal.

But the nurse came with medicines. I took the dose she gave me and submitted to a treatment.

"Nurse, I have to see my brother. You must telephone for him. If I have diphtheria and you're afraid of his getting it, let him stand over in the doorway with a mask or something on."

I began to cry weakly and the nurse came over to soothe me, but I pushed her aside.

"Does any one come to this room?" I asked.

"Of course," replied the nurse unhesitatingly.

"Who?" I demanded.

"Now, dear, be quiet."

"Who? Because if I may not see my brother, you'd better go down and ask the maid, Bertha, if she wants to risk seeing me—or if I'll have to tell you so you can make it clear to them in case I go."

The nurse stared at me for a moment, her impassive face work-

ing strangely. Then she walked over to the door with an abruptness I hadn't noticed in her movements up to now.

After a little while she returned and with her was Neal. I wondered how she'd got hold of him so quickly, but it was too much for me to ask.

"Hello, Babsie, old girl!" said Neal tenderly. "Did she think we were neglecting her when all we want is to give our girl a chance to rest?"

"You wouldn't be here if I had diphtheria!" I asked, adding lamely, "Or maybe you would if you thought I needed you. Don't come too near, Neal! And you will ask her to leave me alone!"

"Miss Rathbun, will you let me have a little confidential chat with my sister?" asked Neal, with a winning smile.

"Is Father Andrew here, too?" I asked, with sudden inspiration.

"Oh, no, he isn't here. I just thought I'd run out to see how things—began Neal."

"You're fibbing," I announced gravely. "Would it be fair to Father Andrew to let him expose himself, too? Or must I tell you, now you've come?"

"Father Andrew isn't here," repeated Neal.

"Of course he is," I insisted. "Wouldn't he be just as anxious as you?"

"He'd be here if he knew you were sick," explained Neal gently. "But he doesn't. He was gone when I telephoned yesterday morning."

"He went home," I moaned, without seeing either of us? Oh, Neal! It must be serious. He's in trouble, too. And he didn't tell us—"

"Now, don't get yourself all worked up, Babsie darling. There's nothing serious the matter with Dad. He went home because business called, as well it might after the long while he's been away."

"It's not natural at all!" I cried feverishly. "I've never needed him so much in all my life. And he knew it. He knew about Jim. Father Andrew wouldn't have gone off and left me if he hadn't been in serious trouble of his own."

(To be continued Thursday.)

## MORE PRIZE RECIPES

LAYER CAKE OR PLAIN CAKE.

1 lb. sugar.

3/4 lb. lard.

3/4 lb. butter.

4 eggs.

1 pint milk.

1 1/2 lb. flour (G. Medal).

3 teaspoons baking powder (Rumford).

Cream lard, butter and sugar good, add eggs, milk, last flour and baking powder.

This will make 4 1/2 lbs., or two layer cakes.

COCOANUT ICING.

Whites of 1 egg XXXX sugar and cocoanut—Mrs. Clarence J. Foster, Mt. Rainier, Md.

IN OUR PASTRY SECTION

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## Is Marriage a Success?

WHAT SOME OF OUR READERS SAY

FROM A CHAUFFEUR'S WIFE.

FOR one, will say, No! Not if a girl marries a chauffeur. I have been married three years, have one child. I go to business lately and have caught my husband five times jostling with young girls. When I say anything to him about it he says, "Oh, these little 'bums'—surely you are not jealous of them; any men with a car can have them for the asking."

I have spoken to over a dozen wives of chauffeurs, and they all are very unhappy. I have so far met only one who is happy, and she told me the only way she found happiness was to shut her eyes to everything, even when her husband would stay out all night.

But tell me what self-respecting woman can live with a man and keep her eyes shut just because he gives her part of his pay? Not I. I can work, and am now planning to leave my husband, and some day, perhaps, I will meet a man who is satisfied with one woman. I know, however, he will not be a chauffeur.

A DISILLUSIONED, HEART-BROKEN WIFE.

WIFE INSPIRED HIM.

I came from Maine to Washington, where I met my wife, a beautiful, refined girl, who resembled a hot-house flower. After our marriage, what were necessities to her were luxuries to me. But when I thought of her former environment I could readily understand that it was not her fault but it was mine.

Because I loved an orchid and expected the hardness of a dog wood was not her fault. So, instead of becoming disgusted, I became inspired, and now hold a position that enables me to give my wife all she wants.

No! No divorces are possible where love blooms, else misery shall follow you forever.

Another thing—are you not a little one-sided? Be fair, and you will be happy.

GEORGE A.

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